Poor La Celle[1] is sold to a paper merchant, the church destroyed, and the monastery turned into a rag-warehouse. Watt Smith, brother to Mrs. Fitzherbert, is here, married, *ou peu s'en faut*, to a Madame Notaire.

November 18th, 1796.

I just now saw poor little Madame de Laborde, the picture of misery and desolation. She cried bitterly. Her husband might have been saved, for the municipality of Rouen oiFered to let him remain five days longer, but he had been so long in prison that he was sick of existence, and wished to be tried and the matter ended one way or the other.[2] He was sent to Paris, and executed on the fifth day after Robespierre was dethroned.[3]

1 The college where Mr. Swinburne was educated.

2 M. de Laborde was a *fermier-général*, and was much esteemed. His only daughter married Count Charles de Noailles.

3 M. Fontin Desodoards, in his treatise on the French Revolution, says of this monster of blood and iniquity: "He was more ferocious than Nero, and more credulous than Claudius. His exterior was cold, and his manners embar-rassed. He was insensible to friendship, pity

or remorse.
His look was sinister, and his conversation insignificant.